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JEFFREY NUNAN, Editor and Proprietor.

HOW I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF.

As I sat alone at breakfast, I was somewhat surprised on receiving a most courteous and pressing invitation from my uncle Jeremy, to spend a short time with himself and family at his seat in Warwickshire, previous to my leaving England. The old gentleman and my father had been estranged from each other for many years through some slight family quarrel, so that I had not seen my uncle Jeremy, save on one occasion, since my boyhood.

In consequence of my father's death, I had been summoned from America, where I had been pushing my fortune with success for a considerable time; and now, having settled my affairs, I was preparing to recross the Atlantic when my uncle's letter reached me.

My mother and elder brother, with whom she now resided, were the only near relatives I had in London. Fred had long since settled down in the world with a good and kind wife; and well knowing that my mother would be sure to receive every attention under her happy roof, I cared little to remain in England a homeless bachelor, while any thing in the shape of marriage was still further from my rambling thoughts. Of course my brother was extremely obliging, would do anything he could to serve me, and expressed himself open at any moment to stake a handsome wager that he could introduce me to at least half a dozen angelic creatures, the possession of any one of whom would prove a fortune in itself; but to let all these generous offers I turned a deaf ear. Liberty was sweet, and I felt no haste to sacrifice it on the altar of Hymen. Not that I was a wild young gentleman, who did not care for the comforts and attractions of home; but I didn't wish to have the onus of a household thrust upon me so long as I felt happy and contented alone.

Six and twenty and alone! ha, ha! No one to bother and worry you—no shopping—no Midsummer and Christmas bills to meet. Short reckonings and long friends—free as the air—capital!

I rose from my chair, put my back to the mantelpiece, lit a cigar, and smoked away a couple of minutes most furiously; then I consulted my watch, rang the bell, ordered a haunch of mutton, and resolved to see my brother Fred before I accepted or declined my uncle's invitation.

"Here's an unexpected epistle I received at my hotel this morning, Fred, and I want your advice upon it," said I, on entering his office.

"What are you going to get married, after all?" he asked.

"Are you going to drown yourself, sir?" said I.

"No, thank you," replied Fred, laughing.

"Well, then," said I, "don't ask nonsensical questions. Uncle Jeremy has sent me a very polite invitation to spend a week or two with him in Warwickshire before I leave England, and I thought I would just run down and ask you what I should do in the matter?"

"Why, accept it, of course," said Fred.

"Well, but does it not seem strange?" I asked; "for I always thought that he and our father were never on very good terms."

"No—they were not for many years," replied Fred; "but matters were put right between them some time ago by Uncle Jeremy's apologizing and otherwise behaving like a gentleman."

"You never told of that, Fred," said I.

"No, because I thought you would come to know all about it in due time. But I see here, Tom," continued my brother, returning the letter, "he even offers you his friendship, should you ever settle in England; and that would be something worth having, I can tell you."

"Yes, doubtless it would," said I; "but I've got a balance at my banker's and can manage very well over the water. Besides, I don't think I should like to remain in England, now that I've got so used to the Yankee fashions."

"Josh, all boys! Tom; you'd become an Englishman again in no time," rejoined Fred, smiling.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I doubt it. However, I'll follow your advice and telegraph to Uncle Jeremy, saying I will be at Marston Hall to-morrow."

"But won't you dine with us this evening?" asked Fred.

"Oh! certainly," said I; "at six as usual?"

"Yes, at six," he replied.

And we did dine at six, and a jolly evening we had; but strange to say, not the least allusion was made to my intended visit to Uncle Jeremy's until I broached the subject myself by asking my brother if he thought I should enjoy the excursion, and what sort of people might expect to meet there.

"Well, not many of any sort," he replied; "for I don't think they keep

much company; but you will have a kind host and hostess, and their daughter Agnes (who will, I suppose, have to do duty) as your companion-in-chief."

"Laughter Agnes!" I exclaimed; "why, she was a mere child when I left England."

"Quite true, Tom," continued my brother; "but she is a woman now; and, if I dare hazard an opinion, a very fine one too." Then glancing mischievously across the table, he added, "But of course we take you to be proof against even feminine perfection itself."

"At any rate, Fred," I observed rather resentfully, "I'm proof against any assaults from that quarter."

"All right, Tom; only don't make a fool of yourself, that's all," said my brother.

"No fear of that," I replied, now almost wishing I had declined the invitation.

Nothing more was said on the subject during the evening; and when I took leave of my brother and his family, I immediately determined not to afford my fair cousin the least reason to suppose that I had come to Marston Hall with the intention of falling in love with her.

On my arrival at the railway station, where my Uncle had promised to join me, I was disappointed at not finding him, and was about to hire a conveyance to carry me to my destination, when up dashed a park Phaeton, driven by a remarkably handsome young lady. She drew up hastily, and beckoned me to leave her.

"Mr. Lawson, I presume?" said the lady.

"Yes, that is my name," I replied, bowing.

She at once introduced herself in the most unaffected manner, excused the absence of her father on account of indisposition, hoped I had enjoyed my journey, was very glad I had come, because they saw so little company; and in fact, behaved herself just as if we had been long familiar to each other.

At length, after seeing my luggage all right, I took my seat, and then asked in the politest manner for permission to take the reins.

"Oh! no, thank you, cousin," she replied, with a provoking smile playing about her well-formed mouth. "I am rather fond of driving; besides, you do not know the way so well as I do, and these ponies are apt to become restive sometimes; so I think I had better keep my post till we get home."

I merely bowed in acquiescence, though I did not exactly like her little speech, and the next moment we were going at a terrible speed along a broad, winding path, which led through an extensive park, beyond which, on a slight eminence, stood Marston Hall.

"See, there's our house, through the trees, right in front of us! It stands on a lovely spot, does it not?" asked my fair companion.

"Very secluded," I replied laconically, remembering the determination I had made about falling in love.

"Well, we shall be there in a few minutes," said she; "and I rejoice to think that, however fatiguing our drive may prove, you will not have exhausted yourself with conversation."

"Hang it," thought I, "this is right down impudent! though I almost deserve it. By Jove! she takes things exquisitely coolly! However, I smiled, and said that I had been trying to take a flying glance at the splendid scenery."

She gave a very low, short, merry laugh as she replied, "That's exactly what I've been doing, for want of other occupation; but at this speed one can not observe much."

"There, you are right," said I; "and if we were in any other place, we should certainly be fined for furious driving."

"By the way, are you fond of riding?" asked my cousin abruptly.

"Well—yes," said I; "with some hesitation," but I am not a bold horseman."

"I am sorry to hear that," she continued, with evident interest, "for it is an exercise of which I am passionately fond. I delight in a good tight run across country; for nothing raises my spirits half so much. But see, papa is looking at us through the dining-room window, and John is waiting to take charge of the ponies; so you must be ready to alight the instant I stop."

In another minute my eccentric, not to say incomprehensible, cousin did stop, and alighted as quickly as possible, but not without nearly losing my balance, and wondering what could be the meaning of such unseemly haste.

Throwing the reins to the servant, my cousin followed me, but with such agility that I scarcely noticed the glance which fell upon me from her laughing blue eyes, but stood before the entrance to the fine old

mansion, expecting to have the pleasure of giving her my hand.

"Why did you not permit me to assist you?" I asked.

"Simply because I made up my mind some ago never to give any gentleman more trouble than I could help," she replied, with a peculiar smile.

As she finished speaking, the door opened, and Uncle Jeremy, my venerable physiognomy beaming with kindness and good-humor, came forward to meet us, giving me a hearty welcome to Marston Hall. Feeling however, dissatisfied with myself, and not over-pleased with my cousin, I took the earliest opportunity of retiring to my room, as much to collect my scattered thoughts as to dress for dinner.

"She's a strange, unaccountable girl," thought I, surveying the neat and elegant chamber which had been prepared for my reception; "but I am astonished at finding her so masculine and unladylike in her manners and behavior. Why, 'pon my conscience, she deports herself more like a young fox-hunter than a gentleman's daughter." Then I stood gazing at the beautiful view before me, stretching far away as the eye could reach, and finally dismissed my cousin from my thoughts with the consoling reflection that the chances were very remote of my even falling in love with one who appeared to delight more in manly sport than womanly duties.

Soon after dinner my uncle related the cause of his long estrangement from my father, and the manner in which they became reconciled concluding with an expression of sincere regret that the misunderstanding had not been consigned to oblivion long before; long however much I felt inclined to find fault with the odd ways of my cousin, I could not help admiring my uncle's candor and good feeling. In fact, I dismissed the conviction that, like most other family jars, there had been faults on both sides.

I had now been a guest at Marston Hall nearly three weeks, during which time I had made myself familiar with the surrounding country, invariably joining my cousin in her long rides, drives, and wild, out-of-the-way rambles; and, strange to say, the first few days sufficed to make us tolerably good friends. For I soon discovered that she by no means answered my first description, but, on the contrary, possessed many good qualities, which, in spite of all my bachelor prejudice, I could not help approving, though I could never find courage enough to indicate such approval in words, until I had forgotten myself as to express my surprise, in a bantering tone, that so accomplished and delightful a companion had not a host of beaux sighing at her feet.

"Sir," she exclaimed, in a voice and with a glance that made me decidedly uncomfortable, "I do not like trifling. It is wrong and foolish on our sex, but in yours it is simply unendurable. Flirtings not and never can be love. I might indeed have many admirers, like other young ladies of my acquaintance, but I do not want them. No, cousin, when I acknowledge an admirer, the feeling must be mutual."

"If I have offended you, my dear cousin," said I, "surely you will not refuse your forgiveness?"

"You have not offended me," she replied; "only I wish you to understand that I feel strongly and think deeply on the subject of your remark, and therefore can not suffer the advances of lovers whom I can neither respect for their wisdom nor esteem for their goodness." Then, in a light, satirical tone, she added, "But in truth I do not think I shall accept of any offer, however tempting, for a long time yet. I love my own way, cousin. I like liberty and admire independence. In short, I am such an odd, queer person, so very unsentimental in my conversation with young gentlemen, that I verily believe sometimes I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of dying an old maid."

On hearing this confession I laughed outright.

"Of course you may laugh, sir, and so may I; but that won't increase my prospects of marriage," she added smilingly.

"Egad, Fred was right," thought I; "she really is a splendid girl. I felt my love of bachelorhood grow tender, delicate and sympathizing at home, instead of being so partial to horses, I would almost forswear my determination not to make a fool of myself. But tush! why should I give way to such nonsense? I'll think no more about her."

"Hello! cousin, have you fallen into a brown study through admiring the color of your nag?" said my companion, with one of her short, merry laughs.

"No—no—that is—I was just about

sent for the moment," I stammered out.

"Doubtless present in spirit with some fair but distant object," she observed, again laughing louder and more merrily than before.

This thrust roused me thoroughly, and perceiving that my companion was bent upon trying to get me into an ill-humor with myself, I resolved to tell a fib, and nip her project in the bud.

"No, you are quite mistaken, cousin," said I very gravely; "for I was just then thinking of the advisability of returning to London."

"Well, then, I beg to inform you, in the plainest possible terms, that you are extremely unkind in allowing such an idea to enter your mind," she replied, in a half-offended and half-playful tone; and then, as if desirous of avoiding pursuing the subject further, she continued, "But come, we shall never get back to the Hall at this pace. Here is a nice little run right before us. Don't be afraid of the fence; it isn't much, and your horse has gone over it often." And way she went at a flying gallop. I followed, as she cried, "Keep well up, cousin—you've improved wonderfully."

I did keep as "well up" as I could; but on leaping the fence, my horse stumbled, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay insensible on the ground, but I do know that the accident proved a serious one.

Many hours elapsed before I recovered consciousness, and on opening my eyes, I found myself in Marston Hall, feeling very weak, with an indistinct recollection on my brain of having had a long but painful dream. As I lay, gazing at the various objects around me, I could scarcely believe that I was under my uncle's roof, there seemed to be such an air of deathlike stillness reigning over the whole household.

I listened for some time, but could not here the least indication of either life or motion, and was beginning to get weary of my oppressive loneliness, when a slight rustling noise near the door of the apartment arrested my attention. Then I imagined I could hear the subdued accents of a low, sweet voice, and in another moment the door opened slowly, and my cousin Agnes stood before me, fairer and lovelier than ever, her handsome features now saddened with an expression of deepest sympathy, her whole manner so changed, that I looked upon her as upon some sweet ministering angel. I made an attempt to speak, but she raised her hand, and motioned me to keep silent.

"You have been ill, cousin, very ill," she said, in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper; "and now you must keep perfectly quiet. To-morrow, perhaps, you will be much better, and then you can speak to me, but not now. I have been anxiously waiting until you awakened, that you might take some refreshment which I have prepared for you; but I beg your promise not to think about anything until you feel quite well again."

I motioned obedience, and with a faint but grateful smile she withdrew as noiselessly as she came.

Many a long day and weary night elapsed before I recovered from the dreadful shock my system had received. Many times I listened eagerly, during that long illness, for my kind and lovely nurse, and every time she came I seemed to acquire fresh strength and energy to bear the bodily pain I was compelled to suffer.

At length I found myself sufficiently strong to read and walk within doors, and the recollection of the happy days I passed as a willing invalid at Marston Hall repays me now a hundred fold for my previous sufferings.

Well, I regained my wonted health at last, but felt no desire to return to London. In short, there was something that would keep flashing through my mind, making my heart beat quicker than usual, especially whenever I chanced to be alone with my cousin. I became dull, pensive, and absent, a change which my cousin Agnes was not long in observing, and calling me to task for; but instead of giving a rational explanation of the cause of my moodiness, I told her that if she would join me in a ramble through the park on the following day, I would then and there make a very important confession.

"Confession!" she echoed. "Nay, I don't want to be made acquainted with your wicked doings; but if it is anything that annoys you, and I can help you to get rid of it."

"My confession is not one wickedness," said I, eagerly interrupting her; "and you can, if you will, help me out of my trouble."

"Very well, then," said she smiling, "provided you do not ask me to do anything repugnant to my conscience, I promise you my help. But, cousin," she added, speaking very

deliberately, "why delay your statement until to-morrow? There's no time like the present, especially for penitent people; so if you will graciously reveal what it is that weighs upon your mind, I will listen to you with most exemplary patience."

I looked at her for a moment in silence, and then replied, "No, cousin, not now. It is not a trifling matter I wish to speak of, but one that involves the happiness of two lives."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, in a slightly altered tone, while I could detect a sudden flush on her now half-veiled cheek.

"Courage!" I whispered to myself. "Now is the time for me to ascertain my fate." Then, seizing her hand with passionate tenderness, I said, "Cousin Agnes—dearest Agnes—you will not now deny me the pleasure of calling you by that sweet name? Nay, turn not from me," I continued, as she made a desperate effort to release her hand, "until I have told you how deeply, fondly, truly I have loved you; how, day after day, I have seen and felt your goodness and worth. Oh! do not then plunge me into utter despair by rejecting the offer I now make of my love, my devotion—the most precious gift man can give to woman, and which even you have already taken from me—my heart."

I paused, but my companion did not speak. I gazed intently into her innocent eyes, and there I read her verdict. I was made happy for the remainder of my existence.

"But," said my beloved Agnes, speaking very solemnly, and looking quite distressed, I thought, "you had better reconsider your words; for I am afraid—"

"Afraid of what, dearest?" I asked, interrupting her.

"That you have—"

"Good heavens! tell me," I again exclaimed, "what have I done?"

"Made a fool of yourself," she replied, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

I saw through the mystery in a moment. Fred's wife had informed my cousin of the conversation which took place between Fred and myself on the evening previous to my coming to Marston Hall. So I laughed, and Agnes laughed, and then we both laughed together, until the joke had been heartily appreciated on both sides.

And now it only remains for me to add that I did not leave England; that shortly after I had put the question to my cousin Agnes brother Fred and his family were summoned to Marston Hall, where a very happy wedding took place; and when my brother reminded me of what I had done in the way of making a fool of myself, I told him I did not care, so long as I felt convinced that I had shown nothing but sound sense in wooing, winning, and wedding my odd but good and loving cousin, Agnes.

Princess Anne Md. March 5th.—Four negroes—William Wilson, Frank Rounds, William Wells and George Bailey were hanged here to-day, for the murder of B. F. Johnson and Henry Cannon, captain and mate of an ore steamer, in March, 1868. Each of the prisoners confessed his guilt. Rounds and Wells died instantly, Bailey in a few seconds, but Wilson's neck did not break, and he groaned and struggled horribly. He got the rope off his hands and legs, and caught hold of the shroud of Rounds, and then of his own rope, by which he drew himself up to the scaffold again. The jailer ascended and tightened the noose, and again pushed the wretched man off, shaking the rope violently as he fell. The prisoner continued to struggle violently for five minutes. Some of the crowd yelled, "That's right; you ought to suffer!" The execution occupied forty-five minutes. Toward the last, four or five thousand spectators were present.

Mayo. A suit entitled "O'Dowd vs. Fergus" was recently brought in the Court of Probate, Dublin, to establish the will of the late Daniel James Fergus, of Westport, who died on the 3d of October 1868. The defendant, the widow of the testator, disputed the validity of the will, which bore the date 21st November, 1867, and left the bulk of the testator's property to his daughter (now Mrs. O'Dowd), provided she did not enter a convent; the testator, it was alleged, believing that his wife had been amply provided for under a deed of separation executed in 1864. The will was declared valid.

The Headford Teachers' Association recently held a meeting at which strong resolutions were passed in advocacy of urging on their petition to Parliament for a redress of grievances under which the National Teachers of Ireland labor.

WHITE PINE.

Elko, Nev. March 26, 1869.—Thinking a letter from this part of the world would be interesting to you at this time, when there is such White Pine news afloat, I thought I would send you this. After leaving the C. P. R. R., on which I had been at work, I bought a small pony, on which I packed one hundred pounds of food and my blankets, and started from here and traveled, over a pretty rough road a distance of a hundred and twenty-five miles, when I reached Treasure Hill. There I sold my pony and went prospecting. I found ledges galore, but, like the majority of leads there, of no account. I need not describe the district, as the Press does that accurately enough, but I will tell what the correspondents of the Press conceal—the rough side of White Pine. That there are rich mines in White Pine, none will deny—the Eberhardt and Keystone, for instance; but how many men do they employ? They do not employ one hundred men. They have only two mills—one twenty-stamp, and the other eight-stamp. These, with two small saw mills, constitute all in the mill line in the district. The country around here looks like an immense rabbit burrow—full of holes—some claimed, and some deserted. If parties happen to strike a good prospect, they immediately sell it, if they can find a buyer. All the work steadily work on the hill—it ain't around. Everything is scarce here excepting whiskey and gamblers. There is no work. Poor men have taken up all the ground, but can't prospect it. It costs one dollar per meal, and the same amount for a night's lodging; no less by the week. There were more men in Treasure Hill when I left there on the 18th inst., than I ever saw in a place of its size at any one time before—the majority of them "dead broke"—and they were still coming from all points. What they will do I do not know. There were not many San Franciscans as yet. I could get no steady work on the hill—it ain't there; but merchants and saloon do well. The proprietors tell their customers that the country will prospect this Summer, and lots of mines will be found. Hundreds of persons are coming from the other side of the track, bound for White Pine. To-night, as I write, there are over two hundred and fifty men dead broke. Carpenters can get a little to do, but not half of those here can get anything to do. No other trade is worth a snap. I hope you will tell your friends who may have the "fever," not to come here, else they will be badly sold. Here it is: You go White Pine. Every place where there is a sign of rock is taken up. There is no work, and it cost a lot to live. Tell—and to remain where they are, if they do not want to spend several hundred dollars, sustain a great deal of hardship, and meet with disappointment. I am going to leave this part of the country soon, and will try to go back to my old place. Yours, etc.

Hamilton, February 27, 1868.—As per agreement, I write you a line touching facts and follies concerning White Pine, such as I have collected on my way and during my stay here. I am now writing by a miserable, poor candle-light, so that I can scarcely see the pen and paper; but you will overlook my imperfections if I write so that you can read it. The snow is eight inches deep, and it is quite cold nights and mornings—about the same as down East at this time of the year. No man has any business here, now, unless he has a capital of from two to five thousand dollars. With that, and being of good business turn, he may do well to come; but a man who has only enough to come here, or even fifty or a hundred dollars left, will have a hard time of it. In fact, no man who intends working for a living has any business here. It costs a mint of money to build the poorest kind of cabin to live in. The lumber necessary for a small cloth tent costs one hundred dollars or more; and it costs like "crock" to live any other way. We have to pay one dollar for a meal, and the same for lodging. To work at carpenter's business is very disagreeable on account of the extreme cold. Last Sunday (the day following my arrival) was the coldest day I ever witnessed. Water froze two inches thick within two feet of the hotel; but that was one of the coldest days. To-day is very pleasant. Tell the boys of small means to go to— in preference to this place, and then I say so. When it gets warm, they may do well to come, but they will wait until July for that. This is a very rich country, on doubt, and many may have "struck it rich," and many more will do so; but many will be greatly disappointed too. I am not disgusted with the country, neither I feel sick or blue, that I write in this strain, but I wait just what I think a best for the boys to do. It cost me \$150 to get here, being on the way eight days, but of course I was detained, and had a hard time of it. On the road from Elko I was out two nights without sleep. There is still much trouble in getting from Elko to this place. We broke down

vice. The road is very bad, and crowded with passengers. If you want to know what kind of towns we have here, I refer you to Washoe District for comparison. They are conducted on the same plan. It is getting too cold for me, although I am only six feet from a red-hot stove, and have on a heavy coat. I must close.

As was to have been expected, White Pine has given rise to the most exaggerated. One class of people speak of it as the richest region in existence—the best place for money-making. Another insists that it is a poor, forlorn region, and one which all men should keep away from. The truth probably lies between the two. That White Pine country is rough, and in the winter cold and disagreeable, is beyond question. That it is overcrowded with a population that cannot find remunerative employment, is also true. But this latter fact is attributed to the folly of those who would rush there when common sense told them to keep away; who would go there before mines were erected, in order to enable the mines to yield a revenue, to produce money, to furnish employment for labor. We have no doubt that the White Pine country is rich in mineral—richer than any country before discovered, and that when it is supplied with fifty or a hundred good mills, it will prove to be a good region for the country at large—a good country for those who go there, and know how to make good use of it. White Pine now, however, is no place for the poor man—for those unskilled in mining or mechanical arts. All of that class who go there must suffer greatly for a long time to come.

From the Treasure City News of April 7th, we glean the following:—We paid a visit to the rival of the Eberhardt, the California. The ledge is now stripped for a distance of about 100 feet, and is 45 feet in width. The ore was covered by some four or five inches of dirt, which being removed leaves the whole surface of the ledge exposed, and the entire mass is good milling ore, running by assay from \$100 to \$8,000 per ton. The Black Cloud is situated on the southern slope of Telegraph Hill, a short distance south of the Eberhardt. Yesterday we learned that a rich strike had been made in the Black Cloud at a depth of but 15 feet, and also another strike near the surface, where the Company were grading a place for the dump. The ore which was exhibited on the street was of a very rich character, and fully corroborates all the reports. T. M. Luther an assayer at Shermantown, informs us that the Silver Springs Water Company yesterday struck quite a stream of water. The tunnel of the Company is now in 900 feet, and where the water was encountered the face was in loose gravel, about 31 feet below the surface. The indications are that the stream will increase to at least 20 inches, and being just below the town, will furnish water for an unlimited number of mills. May the strike an everlasting torrent. We understand the Bank of California has purchased the large log stable on the west side of Main street, just south of the Pacific Union Express office, and will shortly commence the erection of a magnificent stone building at a cost of \$100,000.

Tipperary. The new governor of Colonnell goel, who formerly held a commission in the army, insists that the turnkeys shall not give him a military salute, every time they meet him in-doors and out of doors.

The Clonmel Chronicle of a late date says:—A general meeting of the magistracy of Tipperary was held at the Court house, of Clonmel, on Saturday, the 13th of February, inst. The object is to take counsel for the better preservation of the peace, which as we are but too well aware, has, within the past few months, been fearfully outraged. Four murders still remain undiscovered, though occurring within a circuit of six or eight miles.

Waterford. Mary Ryan, an inmate of the Dunbar workhouse, and a native of the Keeren division, died at that institution on Sunday February 14, aged 120. She retained all her faculties to the last, and whilst in the house was a general favorite with the other female inmates. She was very fluent with the Irish tongue.

Antrim. In the House of Commons Mr. William Johnston recently brought in a bill to amend the Party Processions Act in Ireland. His motion was indorsed and seconded by The O'Donohue.

Armagh. The name of Patrick McQuade, of Tullymore, county Armagh, was put, has appeared in the insolvent list.

Monaghan. A correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says:—"Several places throughout Monaghan county exhibit verdure such as May presents to view. Many flowers have been observed in bloom during the last fortnight, and a gentleman in Ballybay discovered a fully fledged butterfly of the sulphur species in his apartment, all which give indications of a very early season. Ploughing has been almost completed, and farmers just await a favorable turn in the weather to put in the seed. Some potatoes have been planted, which hitherto have escaped injury from the early frosts.

Gavan. On the 7th ult., the new Catholic church of S. Fedlimid, Ballinagh, was dedicated to divine worship by the Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, assisted by Right Rev. Dr. Dray, Bishop of Perth.

The name of Lawrence Smith, of Lackenmore, has appeared in the insolvent list.

Fermanagh. A certificate of bankruptcy has been ordered to Charles Johnston, of Eniskillen, draper.

Kilkenny.
This Waterford News of Feb. 19, says:—The salmon fishing season in the lower waters of the Suir, Nore and Barrow opened on the 16th, when the take was above the average. Thirty-two fish were brought to our market, and sold at 2s. 1d. per lb., the price receding next day to 2s. At the opening, last year, the number at the market was 19, which sold at 1s. 7½d. per lb., advancing next day to 1s. 9d. The price opened higher this year than it touched at any period last season.

The same journal, in alluding to the prevailing mildness of the season, says that on the previous Sunday bunches of primroses and daffodils were visible on the Kilkenny side of the Suir. Moreover, potatoes were to be seen over the ground, and the grass was an emerald hue, although the Coneywags were still capped with snow.

On the 18th ult., Mrs. Mary Dunphy, of Caherlesk, near Callan, departed this life at the advanced age of 102 years. The deceased, who was a woman in easy circumstances, had a vivid recollection of the stormy period of '98—many incidents of which she graphically related. She enjoyed excellent health until the last few years, when a lingering illness, the forerunner of a general "break up" made its appearance.

Wexford.
The Wexford People of a late date announces the death of a woman named Johanna Ruffley, whose husband was then engaged in work on the New Ross bridge. So sudden was the death, and as the body of the deceased was still warm, after the husband (on returning from his day's work) had called for a light and assistance, it was thought he had caused it; consequently he was placed under arrest, but was honorably discharged when the cause of death, testified before the jury, was ascertained.

Derry.
The Northern Star of a late date says:—Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., and Mr. A. J. McKenna, Esq., returned to Belfast after a satisfactory tour in the county of Derry, during which they were accompanied by Mr. J. Gloner, solicitor, Magherafelt. Mr. Maguire was everywhere welcomed most warmly by men of the highest position on the estates of the London Companies. The information which they tendered to him fully corroborated the case which Mr. Maguire, with his characteristic zeal for the welfare of the tenants farmers throughout Ireland, intends to again bring under the notice of the House of Commons.

Donegal.
In the Convent of Mercy, Ballyshannon, Miss Sarah Connolly, daughter of William Connolly, Esq., merchant, Arva, recently pronounced her vows of profession, and received the black veil from the Most Rev. Dr. McGinley, Bishop of Raphoe. In the Court of Probate Dublin, a suit was recently brought to establish the will of the late Mr. Wm. John Bateman, of Buncrana, in the county of Donegal, who died on the 9th of July, 1868, leaving property amounting to £2,700. The will was contested on the ground that the document of the 13th of November, 1867, was not the last will and testament of the deceased, and that the testator did not destroy the will of 1863, with the intention of revoking it. The plaintiffs were the executors of the will of 1867, and the defendant, John Barr, the natural daughter of the deceased. The will of 1867 was found to be valid; the costs of defendants to be paid out of the estate.

Galway.
Miss Eleanor O'Brien, sister of Mr. Michael O'Brien, of Eyre street, Galway, recently entered the Convent of Mercy, at Dinsale as a novice. A Ballinasloe correspondent under date 17th ult. says:—A very important inquiry has been going on here during yesterday and to-day, with respect to charges of insubordination, disrespect, and non-discharge of duty, preferred by R. Garrett, Esq., S.I., Ballinasloe, against Head Constable Malcolm Ellis, before C. G. Jennings, Esq., County Inspector, Clare, F.W. Callen, Esq., S.I., Galway. The accused, however, produced an array of testimony of his superiors and fellow-constables which portrayed him as a most faithful, vigilant and obliging officer. The decision was not announced.

A Sligo correspondent, under date 13th ult., says:—The rain, which fell in torrents during the greater part of last week, has swollen Lough Gill and the river which flows from it into our town to a height which was never seen to assume before. All the lowlands in the county are flooded, and in several places several large fields are laid under water. The spring work, which had commenced with such activity, is thus greatly retarded.

At a late Dromore-west petty sessions, three men named John Callery, Michael Devany, and James Teany, were sent for trial to the assizes on the charge of being concerned in the private oyster-bed of Alexander O'Leigh, J.P., at Tanagaroe, in Sligo Bay, at the mouth of Ballisodare River, and with having stolen

therefrom a quantity of oysters. The trial is to be contested on the ground of "title," as the people regard the bed as public not private property.

Roscommon.
The name of Edward Power, of Boyle, grocer and general shopkeeper, has appeared in the bankrupt list.

We call attention to the sale of Napa Lands, at the salesrooms of Middleton & Son, Montgomery street, on Tuesday, April 27. Five hundred acres of land will be subdivided into lots of from 4 to 40 acres and these splendid homestead lots be got on easy terms. The land is only a mile or so from Napa City, and it is well timbered and watered. The climate is the most pleasant of any part of the State, and the lands can be reached from San Francisco and Sacramento by steamboat and by rail twice a day.

Washington, April 19th.—Chandler offered a resolution in the Senate, directing the President to open negotiations for the settlement of all existing controversies with England on the basis of the surrender of all the British North American Possessions. Mr. Chandler made a lengthy speech in support of the resolution. He said he hoped the proposed negotiations will be made and the Canada acquired peacefully; but if England desired war let it be short, sharp and decisive. The Michigan veterans alone would capture the British North American Provinces. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

London, April 12.—A meeting of two hundred Conservative members of Parliament was held to-night. Disraeli in his speech indicated the future policy of the party on the Irish Church question, and announced the amendment which would be proposed by the Opposition to the bill now pending in the House of Commons, which are in effect that the grants made to the Irish Church since the Reformation shall remain intact; the glebe land to be retained by the present holders without purchase; the union of the Irish Church and England to cease in 1872. Unimportant modifications of financial sections of the bill are to be postponed, including the establishment of a capital sum for the support of the clergy, and the application of a large portion of the church revenue to support public worship and to defray the expenses of the management of the church. Finally, an effort will be made to strike out all the clauses referring to the Maynooth grant and regnum domini. The plan was favorably received by the meeting, which was marked with much enthusiasm.

London, April 16.—In the House of Commons, to-night, in accordance with the previous notice, Mr. Gladstone moved to go into Committee on the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Newgate, a Conservative member from North Warwickshire, moved an amendment, that the House go into Committee on the bill six months from the present date, which was equivalent to indefinite postponement. A lively debate ensued, during which Mr. Aytoun, Liberal member from Kirkcaldy, who voted with the majority when the bill passed to a second reading, created a sensation by declaring his objections to the clause in the bill providing for the support of Maynooth College. A scene of great excitement followed. When it was decided, the discussion was renewed and lasted for six hours. At the conclusion of the debate, the House divided on Mr. Gladstone's motion, resulting in 355 for to 229 against, and the House formally went into committee on the bill, and then adjourned.

London, April 17.—The debate in the House of Commons on the Irish Church Bill was resumed last evening when Mr. Disraeli moved to omit the following clause from the bill: "On and after the 1st of January, 1861, said union created by the Parliament between the Churches of England and Ireland shall be dissolved, and said Church of Ireland heretofore established by law." Disraeli supported his proposition at considerable length, and contended that the above clause destroyed the supremacy of the Crown and placed the Church at disadvantage. Sir Robert Collyer and Sir Roundell Palmer spoke in opposition to the amendment. Mr. Gladstone also spoke against the amendment. He criticised statements made by Disraeli. He thought, notwithstanding this clause, the supremacy of the Crown would continue to exist, but in an altered form; if this amendment were successful it would absolutely destroy the bill, and the union of the Churches would not be entered by Parliament. Disraeli replied, that his intention was to strike a mortal blow at the bill; but if the motion was accepted, the Government could still continue their disestablishment policy. The House divided on the motion as follows: 221 for to 864 against. The result was received with tremendous cheers by the Liberals.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY OUR REPORTER.

Wholesale prices only.
Flour \$3.50 to \$5.25
Wheat, \$1.40 to \$1.60 per 100.
Barley, \$1.65 to \$1.85
Oats, \$1.57 to \$1.90 per 100 lbs.
Corn, \$1.50 to \$1.52
Corn meal \$2.25 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs.
Rye, \$3.50 per 100 lbs.
Potatoes, at \$50 to 65c
Butter choice to prime roll of California Dairy, 30c to 35 per lb.
Eggs, 45c to 50c per dozen.
Lard, California, 14c; Eastern 12c.
Cheese, From 10c to 19c per lb.
Beef, 10c to 13c per lb.
Veal, 10c to 12c per lb.
Mutton, 9c to 10c
Lamb, 15c
Pork, fresh, 9 to 10c per lb.
Hens, \$1.10, chickens \$1.00 per doz.
Ducks, \$3 to \$9 per doz.
Geese, \$9 to \$18 per dozen
Turkeys, 25c per lb.
Hay, \$3.00 to 15 per ton.
Bacon, 14c to 15c per lb.
Hams, 14c to 15 for California
Pork, in pickle, 20 to 24c

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.

Office and Salesroom—310 Montgomery street.

Regular Real Estate Auction Sale Day—Monday.

LARGE AND IMPORTANT SALE

—OF—

NAPA LANDS

AT SALESROOMS,

310 Montgomery street.

TUESDAY

TUESDAY ... April 27, 1869,

At 12 o'clock, noon.

IMRIEVILLE.

500 Acres of Choice Farm, Garden

and Vine Lands, half a mile

from Napa City.

The Tract is subdivided into

Lots of from 4 to 40 acres each, and

will be sold on easy terms.

We will offer at auction, on

the above date, 500 acres of the

choicest land in Napa county. It

is situated on the County road to

Jountville, beautifully located for

Farms, Vineyards, Orchards and

Homesteads. The Tract is well

timbered and abounds in fine springs

of pure water. Only five minutes

drive from the flourishing town of

Napa. The climate is the most tem-

perate and salubrious in the State.

Communication is had with San Fran-

cisco and Sacramento by steamboat

and rail twice a day.

For Country Residences eligi-

bility of location, convenience of

access and quality of climate, this

piece of land cannot be surpassed in

the State.

TERMS—One-third Cash; bal-

ance in one or two years. De-

ferred payments to be secured by

mortgage on the premises, bearing

interest at the rate of ten per cent.

per annum.

Any information required, and

maps of the property, can be ob-

tained at our office, and at the office

of EASTBERRY & CO., Napa City

who will show the land to any one

inquiring of them.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

Auctioneers.

California Steam Navigation Company

Office of the Company, northwest

corner of Front and Jackson streets

SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamer CAPITAL, Capt. E. A. POOLE

" CHERYPOLE, Capt. A. FOSTER

" YOSEMITE, Capt. J. W. BROWN

" CORNELIA, Capt. W. BROMLEY

" JULIA, Capt. E. CONKLIN

These above steamers leave BROADWAY

WHARF at 4 o'clock P.M. EVERY DAY,

(Sundays excepted) one for Sacramento and one

for Stockton, the Sacramento boats connecting

with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa,

Chico, and Red Bluff. E. M. HARTSHORN, President

PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

DIRECTORS.

CHR. CHRISTIANSEN, President.

J. A. Donohoe, J. Rankin,

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J. W. Britton, S. Silverberg,

John N. Rios, H. Greenberg,

J. H. Baird, T. J. Hayes,

A. Kline, A. Goldsmith,

Isaac Hecht, Henry Greenberg,

M. B. Carpenter, Isaac Hecht,

J. Baum, W. W. Dodge,

Jacob Greenbaum, N. Van Bergen,

J. P. Newman, Michael Reese,

A. J. Bowie, Henry Brewster,

Chas. Kohler, J. J. Williams,

C. H. Sherman,

B. ROTHCHILD, Secretary.

The IXL Wild Grape Root Bitters are the surest and best cure for dyspepsia. They increase appetite, give tone to the stomach, and invigorate the system. Dr. Henley is fortunate to have discovered and prepared this excellent tonic from the Wild Grape Root. Its great properties are giving it immense popularity and sale. The genuine article can be got at 518 Front street, and from authorized agents. Beware of counterfeits.

Dr. Henley's Pure Wine Bitters are made from Spain California Wine and the most wholesome spices. As a drink it is most pleasant and agreeable. Prepared by the doctor, himself, and for sale at 518 Front street.

J. W. TUCKER & CO.
It is with pleasure we introduce J. W. Tucker & Co.'s advertisement to the notice of our readers. Mr. Tucker is an old San Franciscan, who, by industry and skill, has succeeded in establishing in our midst, one of the finest and best Jewelry Establishments. For Watches, Gold and Silver Ware, and all manner of Jewelry, this house has no equal upon this coast, and scarcely a superior in the Eastern cities. Prices are also very low, and parties dealing there may rely on what Mr. Tucker says about his goods. Orders from the country, addressed to Tucker & Co., promptly filled. If the goods are not as represented, the money will be returned. We recommend this house to general patronage.

J. W. TUCKER & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE

SMALL ADVANCE

OVER

Importation Prices!

WATCHES AND CHAINS,

BRACELETS AND NECKLACES

PINS AND EAR-RINGS,

Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies.

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MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK, AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.

Office and Salesroom, 327 Montgomery street.

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY

TUESDAY ... April 27, 1869

At 12 M, at Salesroom,

500 LOTS

IN THE SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO SURVEY.

This beautiful Property is bounded

by the San Bruno Road, Railroad

Avenue, and the Hudson Garden

Tract.

Potrero avenue will pass through

the center of these grounds.

Title United States Patent.

TERMS—One-third cash; bal-

ance in one and two years, secured

by mortgage, to bear ten per cent.

interest per annum, payable quar-

terly.

N. B.—This entire property lies

level with perfect grade and drainage,

and for view can not be surpassed.

There is a charter for a Horse

Railroad on Potrero avenue, which

is expected to be commenced

shortly.

Descriptive maps can be obtained

at our office.

MAURICE DORE & CO.,

Auctioneers.

FRIDAY

FRIDAY ... April 30, 1869

At 12 o'clock at Salesroom,

327 Montgomery street.

SPECIAL

CREDIT SALE

OF

SEVENTY

BLOCKS

OF LAND.

Each Block being 240 by 600 feet.

Or about 850 Acres Lots, comprising

The Tract between West Twenty-

fourth and West Twenty-seventh, R and

X streets, and being Blocks Nos.

1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091,

1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097,

1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103,

1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109,

1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114,

1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120,

1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126,

1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132,

1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139,

